

The Historie

Prin. Come hither, Frances. Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?

Fran. Forsooth, fūe yeeres, and as much as to.

Po. Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Fūe yeere, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pew-
ter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward
with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run
from it?

Fran. O Lord fir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in Eng-
land, I could find in my heart.

Poin. Frances. Fran. Anon fir.

Prin. How old art thou, Frances?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon fir, pray you stay a little my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest
me, 't was a peni worth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when
thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or
Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But
Frances.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button,
not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth
tongue, spanish pouch?

Fran. O Lord fir, who doe you meane?

Prin. Why, then your browne baltard is your onely drinke
for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulleye
In Barbary fir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What fir?

Poin. Frances.

Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing
which way to goe.

Enter Ventner.

Vin. What, standst thou stil, and hearst such a calling? looke

of Henry the fourth.

to the gheists within. My Lord, old fir Iohn with halfe a douzen
more are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: Poin.

Poi. Anon, anon fir.

Enter Poin.

Prince. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the thecues are at the
doore, shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning
match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's
the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue shewed themselues
humours since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill
age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke,
Frances?

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer words then
a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires
and downe staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am
nor yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills
me some sixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes
his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want
worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how many hast thou kild
to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and aun-
swers some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee
call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall
play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino saies the drunkard: call in
Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?

Fals. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mar-
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. E're I lead this life
long, ile sow neather stocks, and mend them, & foote them too.
A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there
no vertue extant?

he drinketh.

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitiful
harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes? if thou
didst, then behold that compound.

D 3

Fals.